

KOMAROV

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Summary: A Half-Life 2 fanfiction following Lidiya Komarov, 20 years after the Combine Empire invaded Earth and enslaved the human race. With everything she held dear in shambles, she must adapt and survive during the revolution led by the One Free Man.

KOMAROV

**\*\*\_Hello, my wonderful readers! This is my first fan fiction to post to this site, a Half-Life 2 story following Lidiya Komarov from Half-Life 2 into Half-Life 2: Episode Two (And perhaps HL3 if we're lucky!). Please leave reviews and tell me what you think! Feedback is greatly appreciated! Enjoy!\_\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>My eyes were heavy in their sockets as I attempted to focus on the building across the street outside. The sky was bleak, cloaked by a guise of thin clouds. I sat upright and stared blankly at the peeling wallpaper, waiting for my eyes to adjust to the sunlight that blanketed the derelict apartment I lay in.<p>

I shifted to the side of the bed and sighed wearily. I had always wished for a better living space than this: the walls were decaying, the floors were dusty. Empty cans of mineral water littered the floor. \_Is this really better than joining Civil Protection?\_ I wondered bitterly before standing up, \_I'm sure \_they\_ have better living conditions.\_

Loud pounding at the door broke my train of thought and immediately attracted my attention to the source. Certain it was Civil Protection, I opened it.

Lo and behold, three officers were at the door as I glared at the leftmost one.

"What the hell do you all want?" I asked bitterly before the officer at the front pushed me aside and walked inside. "There's been a miscount," he said as the other two CP's followed suit into my living quarters. "We need to search your apartment." He turned to one of the other cops. "Blue, do an ID check on her. Make sure your Vocoder is on, also."

'Blue' approached me and inspected the white strip on my jacket. "Identification numberâ€|" he began to announce before he realized his Vocoder was indeed disabled. His voice was a pleasant one, light with a little baritone. It's times like these I'm reminded that Civil Protection is human.

Blue's voice was quickly transformed into the metallic drone I'd been hearing for the last 6 years I've lived in this damned place. "â€|17.14.2868. Lidiya Komarov."

The other two cops were searching my bedroom for what I could guess was a disgruntled citizen. "Nobody's here," said one CP, and the trio left as abruptly as they came, not even bothering to close the door. I sighed with frustration and walked out into the hall. \_I might as well go down and get some rations,\_ I thought wearily when another citizen, goateed with square glasses, almost knocked me down as he rushed down the hall to the stairwell.

"Excuse me!" I cried out to him angrily, but he just glanced back at me for a moment without uttering a word.

Moments later, several CP's dashed after him, all equipped with charged batons. \_He must be the one causing this miscount!\_ I realized as a total of 9 officers rushed past me. \_How the hell many officers does it take to track down a single man?\_ I wondered, watching them rush down the corridor after the miscounted citizen.

I just walked the other way to the other stairwell to get away from all of this business. Meandering down the small flights of steps, I came to the main exit. I pushed aside an ancient bicycle and reached for the handles only to find the door was jammed. \_My second inconvenience today and I've only been up for ten minutes.\_ Not even dwelling on how my day was already going, I just walked back toward the back lot. As I descended the stairs to the back, gunfire exploded from the other side of the building. I was startled, in fact I almost stumbled, but I just shrugged off this all-too-common occurrence.

I stepped out between the two apartment blocks as scent of fresh grass hit me. \_I'm glad the Combine haven't\_ \_destroyed everything I hold dear,\_ I thought grimly as I passed two men chatting about our apartment block being raided.

A dilapidated swing set hung to my left when I realized the gunfire had ceased. I realized why I was here in the first place and tried not to dawdle, lest they run out of rations for the day.

I approached the town square, listening to the prerecorded messages of Wallace Breen bullshitting about instinct.

"How stupid does he think we are?" I muttered as I entered the square. Things weren't busy today; only a few people were in the area, sitting down or just wandering. I entered the court building only to find there was no line and the ration stations were closed. I

cursed in my native tongue before storming over to a nearby vending machine, which was thankfully still working. I retrieved a can from inside the machine before leaving the building, the little nuisances of today accumulating into anger.

I opened the can and began to drink when a droning siren emitted from the direction of the Citadel.

I hadn't heard this siren for 3 years.

Police officers drew their pistols as citizens got up and got into buildings.

The PA system overhead displayed the face of the man who ran into me at my apartment. Beneath his image read "Wanted: Gordon Freeman. Class B threat. Kill on sight."

I ran back to my apartment block.

End  
file.